THURSDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 20.

SUBSCRIPTION TO THE EVENING EDITION,

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WO TO ONE!"

Twelve Sundays.

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THE SUNDAY WORLD Has DOUBLE the CIB-CULATION of any And the Circulation Books and Newsdealers' Orders are "OPEN TO ALL."

WORLDLINGS.

Justice Harlan, of the Supreme Bench, is a a man of splendid physical development. He is six feet four inches tall, with broad shoulders and a massive head. His face is smoothly

The yearly income of the great Kimberly diamond mines in South Africa is \$20,000,000, and besides this it is estimated that fully \$10,-000,000 worth of diamonds are stolen every year by the natives who work in the mines.

Dr. John J. Moran, who died in Washington a few days ago, was the physician who attended the dying hours of Edgar Allan Poe, when the poet was brought as a patient to the Baltimore

"Zeb, the hermit fisherman," who lives lonely life near Stonington, Conn., has amassed a fortune of \$50,000 from an annual income of from \$300 to \$500, which he has made from his fishing-boat during the past forty years. He started with a capital of \$90, which he invested in a dory, and his annual expenses food and all, have rarely been more than \$25.

OUR AUTOGRAPH COLLECTION.



Mr. Smythe-At the photographer's? Why, you you had just come from the dentist. Where are your smiles?
Mrs. Smythe—Taken with the portrait, my

It Would Have Been Witchcraft Once. "Judge, this man shocks me with electricity whenever I pass him on the street," said Thomas Henry, of 427 East Seventy-third street, when arraigned at the Essex Market Police Court this morning on complaint of William Lanigan, of 57 First avenue, for insanity. "He is out of his mind." explained Lanigan, and the man was committed.

Verdict for Mrs. Enmes.

The jury in the trial of the suit of Frank M. Eames against his wife, Emma L. Eames, for absolute divorce, before Justice Bartlett in the Rings County Supreme Court, brought in a ver-dict for Mrs. Eames, after an absence from the box of fifteen minutes, last evening. She was exonerated of every charge brought by her hus-band of her intimacy with her young brother, George P. Hamilton.

Extra Holiday for School Children.

A petition signed by over 10,000 publicschool children was presented at yesterday's meeting of the Board of Education, asking that next Monday, the day preceding Christmas Day, be made a holiday. The Board unanimously granted the request, thus giving the children an unbroken vacation of two weeks, beginning to-morrow afternoon.

Stole His Old Father's Cont.

Lawrence McAvoy, aged seventy, of 306 East Twelfth street, was complainant at the Essex Market Police Court this morning against his son Charles, who is thirty-six years of age. Charles stole his father's coat yesterday and pawned it for drink. Charles pleaded guitty and was held.

Rennion of Old Friends.

Mrs. E. Brown, of Wyckoff street, Brooklyn, gave a sociable to a party of old friends last evening. Among those present were Miss May Davis, Mrs. E. L. Bicakney, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Somers, Miss Goddard, McKelssy W. Clark, F. Nicholson, J. C. Laury and W. E. James.

A Good Deed Performed.

To the Editor of The Evening World : I write to let you know that the little girl who sent a letter to your paper asking for an the Central Union Clothing-House, gave the little boy a handsome overcoat, and his wife is getting the little girl a pair of shoes. Mr. Leon also gave the little boy money to buy his mother a present. Their store is on the corner of One Hundred and Sixth street and Third avenue. They may not like to have this known, but I think it is only just and right to let the public know of their goodness.

300 West Thirty-first street.

Generous "Evening World" Readers Start a Christmas Fund.

One Well-Known Broker Sends His Check for \$50.

Many Other Readers Offer to Personally Attend to a Deserving Case.

THE EVENING WORLD Vesterday received \$59 in cash and checks from generous hearted contributors to the filling of some of the multitude of pathetic empty little Christmas stockings in this big town. One communica-The SUNDAY WORLD'S Record for the Last tion, inclosing \$50, was from a well-known right side up with her sails reefed close, and broker who, with characteristic modesty, requests his name to be kept secret.

A considerable number of THE EVENING World's readers also sent requests that the warded to them that they might personally to cheer the Christmastide,

One very notable feature in many of these instances is that the Christmas philanthropists prefer to have their names kept secret. THE EVENING WORLD naturally likes to publish names in such cases as an encouragement to others, but, of course, requests of this nature are respected.

A great bundle of pathetic epistles, chiefly from the children of the poor, reaches THE EVENING WORLD every day. Most of these sal little epistles bear the marks of honesty on their face. While it would be impossible to afford rehef in more than a part of the cases brought to our attention, THE EVENING World will do the best it can, and, after investigation, fill as many empty little socks as possible.

All who intend to take a hand in the good work should do so promptly. All cash contributions or requests for worthy cases for personal attention should be sent in before Saturday afternoon.

A Nameless Broker of Generous Heart. To the Editor of The Evening World: Please use the inclosed check for \$50 to help fill the stockings of those who are de-serving, but do not publish my name. Wall St.

Two Dollars More. To the Editor of The Evening World : Inclosed is \$2 for the empty stockings.

To the Editor of The Evening World :

Please find inclosed \$2, which I would like to contribute towards making some poor child happy at Christmas-time.
Dec. 17.
An OLD MAID.

A Dollar from Two Little Girls.

Inclosed please find \$1 which my little girls wish you to give to some poor child to help make their Christmas pleasant.
ANNIE and ALLEEN, seven and three years,
Fifth avenue, Brooklyn, Dec. 18.

This Will Be Attended To. To the Editor of The Evening World:
Please send names and address of two poor girls. I will see that they are provided for

Christmas. Please don't publish my name. R. R. D. Will Do So with Pleasure. To the Editor of The Evening World Please send me privately the name and ad-

buy a Christmas dinner and I will see that they have one. Do not mention my name. Miss W.

A Christmas Box from Rahway. to the Editor of The Evening World

About a week ago mamma told my little sister and me how many little children there are who will not have a visit from Santa Claus; so my sister and I have been getting a Claus; so my sister and I have been getting a box ready, for we would like to make some little children happy on Christmas. Mamma says we must do it all ourselves, but brother is going to help us pack the box, for I am oaly ten years old and my sister is five. Mamma has promised us some tea and sugar and some other things too, and if you will please tell us where to send the box we shall be very glad.

F. M. M., Rahway, N. J.

Exact Addresses Wanted. Willie Smith, who gave his address as Houston street, will please send the number

of the street to this office.

Mrs. A. G. K., of New York, will please send exact address to the editor of The Evenno World, K. J., sends \$2 to her relief, which will be delivered if the case is a worth of the case is a worth of

thy one. EIGHT LITTLE MOUTHS TO FEED.

Preminent Labor Man's Widow Has Hard Struggle with Poverty.

The widow of William Wallace lives in two scantily furnished rooms on the top floor of the tall tenement, 327 East Forty-seventh street. She has lived there for a year past, struggling almost hopelessly to maintain herself and eight young children. To-day sorrow is added to poverty. The poor widow who mourned the

poverty. The poor widow who mourned the loss of a good husband two years ago, weeps now by the side of a doad child, with pinching poverty staring her and her loved ones in the face and her burdens almost unbearable. It is indeed an unhappy Christmas time for the Widow Wallace.

William Wallace was for years before his death a street-car driver, his last employment being on the "Green" or Houston and Forty-second street line. He was a man of a generous and energetic nature, and sought to aid his fellow-workers in bettering their condition by organizing. He was a charter member of Local Assembly No. 3, 420, of District Assembly 75, of the knights of Labor, and was instrumental in advancing that organization.

who sent a letter to your paper asking for an overcoat for her brother and a pair of shoes for herself has received them. I. J. Leon, of the Central Union Clothing-House, gave the little boy a handsome overcoat, and his wife is getting the little girl a pair of shoes. Mr. Leon also gave the little boy money to buy his mother a present. Their store is on the corner of One Hundred and Sixth street and Third avenue. They may not like to have this known, but I think it is only just and right to let the public know of their goodness.

A Case Will Be Recommended.

The the Editor of The Received World:

A Case Will Be Recommended.

The the Editor of The Received World:

If you know of a deserving case where my little girl could fill the Christmas stocking for a girl from four to five years old, let me know and I will attend to it. Please don't mention my name.

C. D. B.

Sighted an Hour Before the Big Gale Unwisely Spreading Her Canvas She Left San Bias with a Carge of 600,000 Cocoanute and Some Costly Tortoise

TEEN DAYS OVERDUE.

Shells and Ivery Nuts. The first mate of the steamer Kepler, of th Rio Janiero line, which has arrived in port relates that the Kepler sighted the Freder icka Schepp in latitude 34.30, longitude 66.7, on Dec. 13; that while he was taking in sail in expectation of a gale, the Schepp was putting out her upper canvas.

An hour and a half later the Kepler encountered a fearful gale, which came from the northwest, and kept blowing for three days. The Kepler had hard work to keep once came near being swamped.

The Fredericka Schepp is one of the fleet of Leopold Schepp, the dessicated cocoanut manufacturer. She is a topsail schooner of addresses of deserving cases should be for- 225 tons register, and was named in honor of the aged mother of the owner, who lives with enjoy the luxury of doing some generous act Mr. Schepp and his little daughter, at Fort

The Schepp makes three mouth trips to the Carribean Sea and this time had gathered at San Blas, in the United States of Columbia, cargo consisting of 600,000 cocoanuts worth \$18,000; tortoise shells valued at \$10 a pound, and ivory nuts, which are known in the re-tail manufacture of swell articles as vegetable ivo y. The whole cargo was worth \$25,000 and the schooner \$15,000. She had a crew of ten men under Capt. B. F. Foote, an old sea-

She sailed from San Blas Nov. 13, and

She sailed from San Blas Nov. 13. and spoke San Andreas Island, in the Carribean Sea, Nov. 16. She should have arrived here about Dec. 5, but was held back by strong head winds, and it is feared that, having reached a point opposite Cape May, she was blown back upon the reefs off Bermuds.

The other day, as was related in Tak Eventure World, the good people of Asbury Park and Ocean Grove, N. J., found among the shells on the sea shore a host of cocoanuts, and it is feared that the Fredericka Schepp has gone down and that it was a part of her cargo which bestrewed the Jersey shore.

and it is feared that the Fredericka Schepp has gone down and that it was a part of her cargo which bestrewed the Jersey shore.

E. H. Ferris, of Schepp's coccanut factory, Hudson and Duane street, says that his concern uses 25,000 co coanuts a day, employing 200 men the year round. Mr. Schepp has a fleet of a half dozen vessels,

The schooner Jennie Rosalind, a similar vessel to the Fredericka Schepp, arrived in port this morning. She came from Brunswick, Ga., with a cargo of lumber, and was eight days en voyage. She was struck by a squall from the west off Cape Hatteras, on the 13th, and her mainmast was carried away to the deck.

This was followed by a three days' gale, and the Rosalind scudded under bare poles for forty-eight hours, throwing overboard all her bags of oil in the effort to keep affoat. On the 17th a southern gale blew with terrific lotee for a few hours.

The place where the Kepler sighted the Schepp was off Hatteras, a little further out, and about 500 miles from New York, or midway between here and Bermuda. There is no telegraphic communication with the Bermudas, and the only hope of Mr. Schepp is that his schooner has been blown into Bermuda harbor and her crew saved. muda harbor and her crew saved.

THE END OF A PARIS SENSATION.

A Little Grim, but Interesting Gosslp Suggested by the Prade Affair.

[From Paris Illustre.] So the Prado affair is at an end. Few trials have so abounded in exciting turns. At each sitting the prisoner contrived some fresh situation, and kept the curiosity of the public breathless to the very last by his solemn assurance that he could upset the indictment by producing unexpected documents. It was like a romantic feuilleion

dress of a worthy family who are unable to worked up by Ponson du Terrail or Gaboriau. Unluckily for the principal actor the climax of the story will take place, unless the Miss W.

We Will Investigate the Case.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

A communication in yesterday's Evenino
World's Christmas column touched me to
the extent of \$2, which please find inclosed.

If the case is not deserving please give to
arms or the story will take place, unless the clemency of the higher authorities intervenes, on the scaffold in the Place de la Roqueite. But I fruly believe that this sinister gambler, having lost the game, will pay the stakes—his head—without flinching. I watched him narrowly while the sentence three they are proposed. That very morning he had uttered the game and coblige. an audacious jest during an interval in the trial. One of his fellow prisoners, Garcia, said: "It we get off I shall set out for Spain

to night."
"Get off!" said Prado with a smile. "Have you any doubt of it? We shall all be acquitted, and this evening I invite you all to supper—and Eugenie Forestier and Mauricette Couronneau as well."

cette Couronneau as well."

It is difficult to guess where he would have found the money to treat the party, for he had not in prison even money enough to buy tobacco, and he was very miserable for lack

tobacco, and he was very miserable for lack of it.

Another of the gang, Ybanez, was in the same predicament and I saw him greedily picking up the ends of half smoked cigars in the passages. Perhaps when Prado is asked on the morning of his execution, as is customary, whether there is anything he wishes for, he will reply, like another condemned wretch named Lemaire:

"I want only one thing, and that is to smoke a five-sous cigar before I am executed."

On the day when the verdict was returned, and pending the decision of the jury, the lawyers and bystanders gathered in knots discussing the case, and as the conversation became more general various anecdotes were told with reference to executions. Some were grotesquely humorous, for after all it is

told with reference to executions. Some were grotesquely humorous, for after all it is common enough, even at the Palais de Justice, to laugh at the most serious matters. Among them was the following, which seems the ne vius ultra of grim jesting:

A Sultan of Morocco requiring an executioner, one day a man arrived to offer his services.

rvices.
"Are you really clever at it?" asked the onarch. "Can you cut off a head at one

blow?"
"Try me."
"Very good. Come into the court-yard.
"Very good. There bappens to be a

"Very good. Come into the court.yard.
Take your sword. There happens to be a
criminal waiting to be beheaded."
The headsman obsyed, went down into the
court.yard, was confronted with his virtim
and swept out his sword across the man's
throat. The head did not move.
"Clumsy wretch!" cried the Sultan.
"Sire." said the executioner without wineing, "have you a snuff-box?"
"Yes: what for?"

ing, "have you a snua-'Yes: what for?"
Do me the favor of holding the snuff "Yes; what for?"
"Do me the favor of holding the snuff under the criminal's nose."

The Sultan did as he was asked. The man sneezed, and the head fell off at the feet of the astonished monarch. This was a good stroke of work or I am very much mistaken.

M. Richepin, the famous novelist, has a rather quaint story, still in the same dismal vein, however. The hero of one of his romances is the most luckless being on the face of the earth. Nothing goes well with him. His wife betrays him, his friends rob him, and at last he is condemned to death for a crime he has not committed. On the scaffold, at least, it might be hoped that he should die in peace, but his ill-luck pursues him even there. He turns to the executioner and tells him that to him he has bequeathed his fortune, and the executioner is so much moved by this act of generosity that he only cut off his victim's head at the sixth blow.

There Is No Other Article In the world that will cause a cough or cold so swiftly or so surely as REXENCE EXPECTORANY. Always insist on having REXENCE and you will never be disappointed. Solid almost courrywhere. War, B. REXEN & SON, Drug-gista and Manufacturing Chomists, Edil Uth ave., New York. Established inorphisme years.

IS SHE LOST ON THE REEFS? AMONG THE MERRIE MEN. NEGRO MELODIES IN WAX.

THE STANCH FREDERICKA SCHEPP IS FIF- THE MEDICINE THEY FURNISH AS AN CHEAP LABOR CONSPIRACY BETWEEN ANTIDOTE TO THE BLUES.

Unsophisticated.



Mr. Hennessey Martel (as his wife turns her back)-Didn't you see me wink when you drew

[From the Terre Haute Express.] First Tramp-I wish I was President of this ountry for list one day ? Second Tramp-What for? First Tramp-Fer the salary, of course.

Johnny Was Posted.

[From the Chicago Nevs.] "How many hours are there in a day?" inquired the schoolma'am of Johnny Stubbins in the geography class,
"Ten, ma'am," said Johnny, whose father belongs to a union, "but there'll only be eight after 1850."

A Modest Young Woman.

Boston Grocer (to young lady)-Turkeys,

Miss?
Young Lady—Yes,
Grocer—Dressed or not dressed?
Young Lady—Not dressed, please; but you must do up the package very carefully when you send it home.

The Dissatisfaction Mutual. [From the Chicago Tribune.] Depew-Forepaugh, I wish you would shave

off those side whiskers. I am getting tired of being mistaken for a showman. Forepaugh—Depew, I wish you would, raise a mustache. I am getting tired of being asked a hundred times a day what Cabinet position I am hankering for.

The Porter's Paradise. [From the St. Paul Pioneer Press.]

The longest continuous sleeping-car service in the world is that on the Santa Fé system, which runs through sleepers from San Diego, Cal., to hicago, a distance of 2,311 miles. Porters on hese sleepers, leaving San Diego penniless, ar-ive in Chicago and proceed to invest a portion of their wealth in Calumet and Michigan avenue

His Revenge

"I'll be avenged on that woman," said Skeezics. "I'll ruin her! Yes, sir! She has refused me-me-with a clear income of \$10 a week! I'll ruin her, sir! She'll regret it!"
"What'll you do?" said the old man. "Will
you shoot her?"
"No, sir! I'll do worse than that. I'll give it
out that she's a favorite of the Prince of Wales."

GLIMPSES HERE AND THERE.

Commonplace Affairs of Life in and About the Big City.

A street fakir, with a huge bundle of rainbow-hued suspenders over his arm and a big tray full of assorted jewelry and knickknacks strapped amidships, was disconsolately wending what was evidently his very weary way along West street one recent rainy day. He looked so distrait that the reporter asked him if trade wasn't good.

"Haven't sold a cent's worth of anything to-day. That's always the way on stormy days. Nobody buys anything when it storms. Bright, clear days I make as high as \$3 a

they do. You see we live on very little. Three or four of us live in the same room and share expenses, which enables us to save three-four hs of our earnings. When we have enough we open small stores, either in poorer quarter of this city or in some small town. A good many successful mer-chants were once street men, or 'lakirs,' as we are called.

'We sell our wares at double what we pay

"We sell our wares at double what we pay for them. There are regular places over on the east side which make a specialty of supplying us. Our initial license cosis us \$1.25; but after the first year only 25 cents."

And he covered over his glittering array of Coney Island stones, brass and tin watch-chains and necklaces, and sought the seclusion that the one-fourth proprietorship of a fifth floor back room in a Mott street tenement eranted.

Reminders of the Old Volunteer Firemen and Their Machines. Arnett G. Smith, of 14 Fulton street, has

perhaps the finest collection of mementoes of the old Volunteer Fire Department that is in The collection consists of trumpets, certifi-

cates, photographs, oil paintings, caps, cap and wagon fronts, badges, lamps, models of hose carriages, hook and ladder trucks and engines, and, in fact, everything that was formerly worn or used in fighting fire. In all there are over 3,000 pieces. Some of the gems of the collection of cap fronts are those worn by Bill Tweed when that notable ran with "Big 6;" a front belonging to ex-Mayor Wickham, and another belonging to

Harry Howard. The collection is carefully arranged and occupies a large room in the rest of the store. A great many of the illustrations in the fireman's book, recently published, were

the frems as book, recently published, were taken from this interesting collection.

There is in the lot a complete set of fire certificates, from 1808 until the dep rement was reorganized in 1865.

Mr. Smah recently refused \$19,000 for his collection, and he says that he wouldn't part with it for any price.

This Log Cabin Has a Hollday Lining of Plush. Harrison's log cabin, in the guise of a smoking set, is the latest scheme with which the coming President's name has been

It is a small but of miniature logs, gilded, and the roof is set on a pair of hinges that are invisible. sylvben the roof is raised an elegant plush interior is exposed to view, indicating that the old-fashioned log cabin of the sturdy Westerner was not such a crude, uncomfortable affair as people have been led to believe. Neatly arranged in the Lox is a smoking-set, consisting of a pipe, a cigar-holder, a cigarette-holder, match-box and ash-receiver. The smoking implements are of meerschaum, and the other pieces of silver. The novelty was gotten up to meet the holiday trade, and will be popular,

EDISON AND DOCKSTADER. Low Visits the Inventor's Laboratory at

Llewellyn Park and Sings "If I Were a Millionaire" to the Phonograph-It Thinks Him a Very Funny Man, and Laughs Appreciatively. Lew Dockstader, the minetrel, and Inventor Thomas A. Edison were in cahoots yesterday, and to-day THE EVENING WORLD song, 'If I Were a Millionaire," is recorded on one of the phonograph wax cylinders, at

Liewellyn Park, N. J., and in about two

weeks will be repeated for the delight of

English audiences by Edison's wonderful

talking machine.

Dockstader became possessed of a brilliant idea the other day-salary day, probably. He would have a phonograph minstrel show, and Edison should help him on with his scheme.

The phonograph would make no unreasonable demands on the manager, such as requests to gaze on a perambulating disembodied spirit at stated intervals. Its appetite is not enormous. It only eats a little zinc, and if it doesn't object to second-hand tobacco with its meals. Lew thought he might smug gle it under the tavern stove while on the road, and there let it surrentitiously devour the brown polka-dotted floor-protecting disk

of zine always to be found there.

With no salary list, no hotel bills to pay and the company carried about in a trunk checked as baggage, Dockstader felt cock sure that there would be money in the minstrel business. Hence his visit to Edison.

on. Author-Composer Monroe H. Rosenfeld Author-Composer Monroe H. Rosenfeld and an Evenino Wonld reporter accompanied the merry minstrel to the Liewellyn Park wizard's laboratory. The party was heartily welcomed and at once taken to the room on the top floor where Mr. Edison conducts his phonographic t sts.

First to catch Dockstader's eye on entering were several large tin horns of fanciful form used to catch the speeches of political stump orators and convey them to the recording

used to catch the speeches of political stump orators and convey them to the recording angel, Phonograph.

"Whew!" exclaimed the possessor of a million in his mind, "I'd heard that Tom Edison was a little hard of hearing, but I never imagined that he had to use eartrumpets as big as those."

A cylinder of a new composition, which can be used for the reception of 150 different phonograms, was being tested by Mr. Edison, and Dockstader was invited to assist in the test, which he did by singing The Evening World's song, "If I were a Millionaire."

The song recorded, a twin-receiving tube was attached to the machine, and Dockstader and the reporter were permitted to listen to the repetition of the song.

Hardly had the phonograph repeated the final line of the song when a look of gloom o'erspread the minstrel's usually jolly phiz and he asked appealingly: "Do I sing like that?"

The reporter assured him that what he was listening to was an exact reproduction of his roice as the people hear it every night at his

voice as the people hear it every night at his little Broadway theatre.

"Poor people! How they must suffer," was the feeling comment of the merry man. At this instant the machine emitted an unmistakable "Ha! ha! ha!"

Dockstader's face brightened as he remarked: "Ah! very appreciative. You are indeed a wonderful man, Mr. Edison, to invent a machine that has such a nice idea of humor. I feel as though I were before an audience."

An examination of the cylinder revealed a little defect in the wax, which had been re-sponsible for the mechanical hilarity and lessened Dockstader's respect for the

machine.

A new cylinder was adjusted to the phonograph and Mr. Edison's superintendent, Prof. Wangeman, assuming the part of interlocutor, with Dockstader at his old place on the tambo end, they ploughed the shavings off the wax with a lot of bad jokes.

The World's popular instrumental piece, "The Kentucky Gallopade," and its equally popular ballad, "With All Her Faults I Love Her,Still," were next transferred to the enduring wax through the medium of their composer, M. H. Rosenfeld, a Weber grand plano and an enormous ear trumpet.

composer, M. H. Rosenfeld, a Weber grand piano and an enormous ear trumpet.

Mr. Dockstader then sang for the benefit of the phonograph and Mr. Edison his beauti-ful ballad, "The Sunday School Scholar," and in his inimitable style sang the woes of a garbage-scow laborer who had lost his "brand new chuvel-1-1-1."

His proposition to let Edison in for a share His proposition to let Edison in for a share f the profits in the new "Phunny Phone graph Minstreis" was not met with favor.
He said the offer was a tempting one, but he is now managing to make a comfortable living working sixteen hours a day in his living working sixteen hours a day in his laboratory, and he doesn't want to give up a sure thing for the chance of winning big money on a short horse.

The inventor compromised with Mr. Dockstader by agreeing to come to New York some evening and bottling his whole show with his machine.

The Latest Parisian Gowns.

The characteristic stamp of the newest fashion is the total disappearance of the bustle-the famous "improver" which has atforded so much entertainment to gossips and so much anxiety to Custom-House officers as being a favorite cache for lace and even

The style of gown now most approved is dubbed "Empire." It is in fact a resurrection of the tight-fitting frock which we knew some twelve years since, and which drives the over-buxom or over-meagre to desperation. Mme. Sarah Bernhardt and La Tosca

tion. Mme. Sarah Bernhardt and La Tosca did much to revive this cut, but the shortwaisted bodice which strictly belongs to it is not accepted by every one, and with good reason, for it is ungraceful.

This is a dress worn by Mme. Hochon—the Duchess d'Uzes's great friend—at a dinner given in honor of the Grand Ducal party, the day before the coursing match. A plain skirt of bright yellow satin, with a broad embroiders all around the bottom of cars of corn in gold, worked on the dress itself. Puffed sleeves of white crape: a broad sash of white crape round the waist and knotted at one side. A little coronet of gold corn in the hair: a fan with a last-century mount.

All our old laces will be disinterred from their boxes and drawers this Winter to trim indoor dresses; out-of-doors hats and benness will be abundantly covered with feathers. The lightest tulle is in fashion again to

The lightest tulle is in fashion again for young girls' wear, and the great novelty will be skirts of various shades of tulle one above another. Thus, over a skirt of white tulle, there will be one of pink tulle, and then one in sky blue; the body trimmed with a bunch of ribbons of all three colors. The effect is charming and, as an enthusiastic dressmaker declared in my hearing, "quite poetical."

Writing With the Left Hand. [From the Chicago Times.]
"It is becoming quite a common thing," a

who have much writing to do to teach the left hand the art. It is a great rest when the left hand becomes schooled, and there is a good deal of fun in the tuition. I used to The novelty was gotten up to meet the holiday trade, and will be popular.

White Caps Notified Him to Leave.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENINO WORLD.]

PITTSBUEG, Dec. 20.—William Robinson, of Greentree, Moon Township, has received a notice from "White Caps" requesting him to leave the county for fill-treating a little boy. The inhabitants are quite alarmed about this, the first appearance of the "White Caps" in Western Pennsylvania,

good deal of fun in the tuition. I used to amuse myself a good deal in this way when my right hand had become weary. Fred Hall, of the Tribune, learned to write with his left hand. He did it as a sort of pastime, and now that he has it down fine, he writes the best hand altogether. I don't know how true it is, but I am told that cross-eyed people as a rule are left-handed. That, however, is like many other things that are started. But I have heard it said, talking about cross-eyed people, that they hardly ever most with an accident."

BLOOMINGDALES'.

THIRD AVE. AND 59TH ST.

5,000 Handsome Silk Plush and Leather Photograph

ALBUMS

A SACRIFICE.

A special importation of Albums, intended for our holiday trade, has just arrived on a belated steamer. The quantity is entirely too large to even think of carrying over. Se we must put the prices down NOW while there is yet a chance to se

WE GROUP THEM IN

GRAND LOTS.

Iot 1. Elegant silk plush | Lot 3. Finest quality extra calf leather Albums, heavy silk plush, patent extenwith patent extension clasps, finest finish, size 9x11 inches, worth \$2.50, at - - - 74c.

sion clasp, very best finish, size 9x11, worth \$3.50, at - \$1.23 Lot 4. Extra heavy silk plush, with patent extension clasp. Lot 2. Fine quality silk plush, handsome bronze centre orna-

finely finished, size 9x11, worth out, size 9x11, worth \$4.00. \$3.00, at - - - - \$1.13 at - - - - - - \$1.94 The above goods are all this season's importation and comprise all the newest shapes and colors. They are considered

with patent extension clasp, ment, finest finish through-

the greatest bargain ever offered in this line. Elegant gold and silver-mounted Walking Canes and Umbrellas. MONOGRAMS, NAMES OR INITIALS EN-GRAVED ON CANES OR UMBRELLAS FREE OF CHARGE.

Books, Bibles, Prayer Books, Hymnals and Christmas Cards in large varieties at our well-known low prices.

DOLLS-MORE Dolls, FINER Dolls and HAND SOMER Dolls-yet sold cheaper-than in any other house in

Six large floors, covering nine full city lots, filled with everything suitable for Holiday Gifts. THE PERPLEXED HOLIDAY BUYER CANNOT DO BETTER THAN PAY A PERSONAL VISIT TO OUR ESTABLISH-MENT.

OPEN EVENINGS Bloomingdale Bros.,

Third Ave. and 59th St.

His Opportunity.

[From the Chicago Tribune.] Mr. Hankinson and Miss Kajones (enthusiastically joining the rest of the company in the request)-We shall be delighted to hear

you sing, Miss Garlinghouse, Miss Garlinghouse (seating herself at the piano)-What shall I sing? Tum-ti-tumtum. H'm. Thre-e-e fishe-e-rs went sa-aailing out into-o-o the west, Out into the we-e-e-st, as the su-u-u-n went down, &c.
Mr. Hankinson (fervently)—Now that I
have the opportunity to speak to you at last,
Miss Kajones—Laura—you will histen to me,
will you not, while I tell you of the deep and
earnest love I have so long feit for you, &c

Gleaned in the Labor Field. Delegate Close reports that matters have been settled amicably with Kohler & Co., ale brewers, who are said to have notified their men that they must quit the union or quit the brewery.

Baker Lindsey, at Tenth avenue and Fifty second street, has told the Arbitration Commit-tee of the Food Producers Section that it is im-material to him whether his mon are union mer Jan. 31 is the date fixed for the ball of the Food Producers' Section, at Clarendon Hall. The proceeds will be given to the locked-out brewerymen, many of whom are still out of em-

Ballantine & Sons, the Newark ale and beer brewers, have informed the Arbitration Com-mittee of the Food Producers' Section that they will not interiere with their employees joining the Union.

A convention of representatives of locals op-posed to the present regime of the Knights of Labor will be held on Sunday next at Pythagoras Hall to organize the new Industrial League pro-posed by Barry and others. stenographer told me to-day, "for people The Miscellaneous Section having complained that Eccentric Engineers No. 1 is about to give a ball at which "seab" musicians will be engaged, the Metal Section has sent a communication to the Engineers requesting a report on the matter.

To-night the Brewery Employees' Protective Association, an organization to which all the ale and porter brewerymen in this city and Brook-lyn are attached, will give its annual ball in Clarendon Hall. Preparations have been made for a merry time.

M. Pasteur Seriously III. [From Paris Illustre.]
The happiest man in France at this mon

s M. Pasteur. At last he is in possessi the much-talked-of institute, the building has had to wait for so long, the archihaving by some unaccountable oversi omitted to construct a proper laborators the great man himself, and having he tremedy his neglect. The establishment in now complete; it has been solemnly open and sufferers are already flowing in from parts of the world. A lady is to arrive morrow, the wife of a high official in Coel China, who was bitten by a mad dog Saigon, and who immediately embarked put herself under the care of M. Pasta. The unfortunate woman lived on board a strict seclusion and had her food handed to the ras if she were plague-stricken. The agomics of the voyage may be imagined; at must have counted the minutes.

Unfortunately it is only too likely that he Pasteur will not for a long time be able twork as indefatigably as of old. He is very seriously ill; indeed, on the opening day, had soon addressed the meeting for him, and he is obliged to depend largely on the zeal of his assistants in caring for the sufferers under his charge. His last lators and investigations of rabies, with the numberless experiments they involved, have gradually exhausted him. His son and his daughter, Mme. Valery-Radot, are very anxious about him, and, in their filial care for him, keep his books, alembics and retorts, as much as possible out of his way. the great man himself, and having he

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.] CHATHAM, Mass., Dec. 20.-The Scho

Gov. Ames, which was supposed to have been lost, was sighted ten miles off here at 9 o'clock this morning and is now being towed in by the tug H. F. Morse.

Cold Waves

Are predicted with reliable accuracy, and people list to the pains and aches of rheumatism dread evelange to damp or stormy weather. Although we not claim Hood's Sarsaparilla to be a positive special course it has effect to the comprehence ourse it has effect to the comprehence of the compre

for rhoumatism, the remarkable curse it has effect show that it may be taken for rhoumatism with reas-able cortainty of benefit. Its action in neutralizing auditry of the blood, which is the cause of rhoumati-constitutes the secret of the success of Hood's has parille in curing this complaint. Try is.